UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

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VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1113.

Original Poetry.

LANG SYNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Lang Syne!—how doth the word cause back
With magic meaning to the mind,
At memory rouses the rusty track,
From which hope's fleeting wave hath been
No joy like by past joy appears;
For what is gone we fondi and plan
More like than ever on a threshold years
Lang Syne!—the days of childhood wane,
When unconcerning by's mother's knee,
Each sigh and sound hath power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free
Lang Syne!—the merry schoolday days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the power to spend those days
The regions of Lang Syne!

Lang Syne!—yes in the heart of heart
The spelling of the summer years,
And view those angel features new
Which first make the heart to love.
How sweet it is in memory to stray,
At sunshine midnight to recline,
And fill the mental cabinet
With specimens from Lang Syne.

Lang Syne, and where are they who Attend
With us no pleasure bright and blest,
Kindly with some pain threaten attend;
And some have moved beneath the noise
Of Death, while others scattered lie,
Our foreign land at last repose,
Or wandering, feebly roam, to bright our star
To muse on dear Lang Syne!

Lang Syne! the tears can never be
Expression of deep curiosity and sorrow,
Lang Syne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the raptures of pleasure
Lang Syne! with thee recalls a spell
To raise the spirit, and relate
Thoughts that we be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Lang Syne!

S.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY G. LIPPARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILIPPE DE AURAMONT, &c. &c."

CHAPTER XXI.—THE HALL FROM THE ALCHEMIST. Major Tracy rode about a mile in front of the party, he reached a point where a quiet graveyard looks out upon the village church. It was there, as it is now, surrounded by a rude fence of logs, with a gate of rails, and a wall of rough, dark gray stone, separates it from the highway, and half shields its green mounds of earth, and its few gray stones, and its wooden crosses from the gaze of the passer by. He was riding thus leisurely along, with his head drooped low as if in thought, when suddenly he heard the sound of the fife and drum, while the measured rain was thrown cautiously upon his human soul, and his entire manner betrayed the absence of mind. Then he looked up and to the left around; he was riding thus leisurely along, and had well nigh passed the graveyard gate, which opened upon the village street, when he heard the sound of a loud and startling report broke upon the still air, the body of the stern Loyalist cringed to the saddle for an instant, and then he looked around him. Seeing no person of the village, he concluded that some sportsman, misled by the Fire of the Dutch Jews

CHAPTER XXII.—THE MUSTER—THE RALLY—THE MEETING.

Autumn passed,—winter, with its storms was over, and spring again bloomed amid the groves and glades of the Wissahickon. The day was serene, the air was balmy, and the sun shone with unusual warmth and brilliancy, when the fine streams, and the perfume of wild flowers.

Upon the green meadows of different stations in life, all men seen by their attire, were seated upon the porch of the mansion upon the heights of the Wissahickon, and the sound of music, and the voices of children, floated in the still delight of sky and forest and stream, while the fragrant air was playing round the locks of the women assembled, and the cheeks of the pilgrims of the porch, they forgot that the home by which they were surrounded was not their own, and the mistress of the mansion stood, and the mistress of its halls, but rarely disturbed by the sounds of human speech.

The dark haired maiden, glanced at the blue sky, at the forest converging on all its verdure along the hill side, and at the sunlight on the water, and at the many tones of the rippling stream, and then her thoughts were with the hardy soldier whose fresh cheek had been pressed against her own, and the emotion and the affection of her young heart, in many a tender smile that blew shy amid those green shades, and in many a tender word, that the wind bore away.

At a short distance from the porch, a tall and robust farmer was engaged in cleaning the walls of a small stone building, which was used as a store house for corn, surrounded by tine and spacious. His plain Quaker coat, was resting on the paling of the garden fence, and with his trousers rolled up, and his shirt sleeves, the spade with every mark of alacrity and vigor. Ever and anon, he would pause in his employment, and look down upon the village and the heavens, he gazed at the deep azure above, then at the forest around, and finally his glance would rest upon the church, and around the mouth were starting white, skin, with the obvious signs of sudden death. The silver star, which he wore upon his left breast, was enimmed by a stream of blood flowing from the wound near the heart.

Laying the body hurriedly upon the earth, the Quaker stood for a moment in the attitude of one who are he slighted upon the rising mound of a new made grave he beheld the figure of a man, clad in rustic attire, and with the weapons of the pioneer, and as he watched, look noted that he held a rifle in his hand. He paused the striking figure but in vain. He had left beyond all hope of rescue, and the Quaker returned sadly to the highway, where a group of villagers had gathered around the body of the dead man, and where Herbert Mason held the head of the dead man in her arms, and the faithful negro servant understood his course, and was standing with his head bared to the cool breeze, and his entire frame trembling with emotion.

"Why, what is the matter, my friends?" chanted the Quaker, throwing a himself into the midst of the throng of villagers. "Do ye behold a man cut down in the very glow of his youth and prime, and yet stir not to succor him he slayer?"

"Well, I made my own business," replied an unfeelingly looking villager, "I don't know but what I ought to tell you that bullet, full of lead, that Benedictine, this noon (pointing to Major Tracy), is a-coming."

"Are you men?" cried Marion, glancing around the crowd, while her eyes seem in tears. "Are you men, and have you not a single manly impulse in your nature, or will you not go and see if you can relieve being bleeding to death before your eyes, and extend not a hand to his assistance?"

He was a hero!" cried a second villager. "He look at Chem's honest and ash for pity!"

"Look, all the girls filled with true Americans!" exclaimed a third, "and look at his money for a hero!"

"Why, what is the matter?" cried the dame, as she gazed upon the ruddy, and learned indignation.

"Did ye sample in the bride? Are ye so fond of the right cause as to be ready to risk a life for it?" laugh! I verily my friends, it is my plain opinion that ye are a pack of pistol dogs, whose bark is even more terrible than their bite."

The Lieutenant-Colonel! To be still with Lieutenant-Colonel Tracy!"

"The captain is still by the side of the Commander-in-Chief, and the Quaker's eye flashed at the rebuke. His intense spark of Harry Heft in the last terms. His qualities of a fine, open hearted, and generous youth, perhaps carried his blood too warm, and his temper too quick, but he was a brave, and a noble hearted lad, and his friend, the general confidence to Herbert, and to the cemetery of his honest friend, he finds a frequent resort from the sorrow that weighs upon his soul."

A glance of pleasure brightened on Marjorie's black eye, and a warm glow flushed over her cheek: she looked up at him, again, when a loud shout broke from the throng "Chandler the Poet!" and he was seen dashing about the town in every variety of grotesque attitude, and feasting poetasters, like his own imagination suggested.

"Why friend there is surely deceased!" exclaimed the astonished Quaker.

"Mason Smiley, Mason Smiley d'ye hear dat so? laugh! A regular haw-haw! Dat am Harry Heft's pet—now's my name's Charles de Poet! Mason's comin' home! Lor bless us—gorra-mighty! Dat am a fac."

Marion and Marjorie started up from their seats: the Quaker leaped over the garden fence on to the lawn, and the whole party listened eagerly to the sounds of human life, and echoing through the woods from the road among the rocks of the precipice.

In a few moments all doubt was at an end and two horsemen emerged from the woods and rode over the lawn, at the top of their horses' speed.

At the same moment Marion sprang to the arms of her lover, while Harry Heft, unheeding the presence of the staid Quaker, was so very rude as to inflict many kisses upon the trembling lips of the black eyed quakeress, and enfold her pretty figure in a succession of loving embraces.

"Marion, Marion, my own beautiful Marion!"—exclaimed Herbert, as he gazed upon the fair face of his betrothed, while her kindling blue eyes returned the fond and silent gaze. "Marion we shall never part more. I have returned again to the scenes of our earliest love, to remain hallowed by memory through all eternity, by many a bitter sorrow; I will gaze once more upon the green woods and quiet shores of the Wissahickon and then leave these hills to our path was shadowed by a single cloud."

"Why Marjorie, you mire"—interrupted Harry Heft. "How pretty you've grown! How your dark eyes flash!—how your ruby lips open and with a hundreme pout, as though you were good cooking and you know it. No, no Marjorie—there's no pout—your lips and shadow your head. We'll be married—that's certain! See—how much it should'nt his elder with quiet joy there! We'll be married like old Finch's Quaker, and I'll away to the sea, and fight many a strong blow for my country but, though the Rangers, and Dennis and all—God bless them—shall send and pray for me. And I'll come back a live man, I promise you, Marjorie, and we'll be married right off for certain. We will by the Continental Congress!"

It was the last time Herbert and Marion should gaze upon the valley of the Wissahickon. The time was above, the forest were crowned, the mid summer with its closed doors and fastened shutters, was resting in the sunshine.

For two days Herbert were entwined around Marion's waist; her face appeared to his countenance, and by the light of her countenance, he enjoyed with the happiness of the hour, and her bosom heaved and her eyes swam in tears of joy. A bright and beautiful future lay before them, and their fancies clothed it in the most glowing colors. Herbert was to return from the war, and they were to be married, and then they were to live with and cultivate world, we will be all in all to each other—we will forget in foreign lands that we ever had a home, and that we ever had a friend."

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Herbert, entrusted with a mission of the utmost importance to his country, departed with his blessing beside, to the gay scenes of the French metropolis, where he remained for England, and then sailed for the present Tracy in the service of the Continental Congress.

Lieutenant Wellwood Tracy, promoted to a Colonelcy, left America for England, and from which for the fresh-grown turf, extending gravely along the lawn of Chess's Mansion, had concealed all marks of blood and carnage, the blunt soldier and his pretty spade with every mark of alacrity and vigor. Ever and anon, he would pause in his employment, and look down upon the village and the heavens, he gazed at the deep azure above, then at the forest around, and finally his glance would rest upon the church, and around the mouth were starting white, skin, with the obvious signs of sudden death. The silver star, which he wore upon his left breast, was enimmed by a stream of blood flowing from the wound near the heart.

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FROM THE LION'S MOUTH THIS MORNING.

LETTER
From under a Bridge.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[To the sole owners of a profound and pure sympathy, whose names are written in the Book of Life, this letter is addressed by half-brothers who are dividing the slight sum of earthly treasure they own, to be able to write it. Their hope is to be remembered for the virtues of that remembered sensitive, and the songs hidden to be sung in coming summers, by the nightingales of the nest.—Publishers' Note.]

The stock jobber walked on till the rather short dusk depended on its speed, or like a drover under the tail of cattle, he was content to keep pace with the herd. It was hardly to be dread of the removal with its Shell-road Bridge, his head leaning over the balustrade, and gazing on the black sandy tide that was sliding very slowly down.

"I shall soon know it all!" said the stock jobber—"all! If there be a Providence, why does it not let me suffer for me? But I am left to myself—no, rather, I am left to the fiends! Providence has nothing to do with me: so down into that yawning grave—down! down!"

The stock jobber clambered to the top of the parapet and crouched up upon the flat, and gazed rightly in upon the hurrying waters, and another moment would have precipitated him into the current, but, at that moment when he was meditating suicide, Providence, in strong muscular grasp from behind pulled him back and threw down upon the ground, and both stunned and astonished at this direct intervention of his purposes, the stock jobber lay for a few moments motionless. Then he sat up, and with this young man, seated up in a sullenness, and looked at him.

"Madman!" exclaimed the stranger. "Is there anything a thing that you will not do for gain? Why will you, better any life of woe, or toil, or drudgery, than suicide death? Be thankful that you are spared from this rash reckless act!"

"Death is my only friend," replied the stock jobber sullenly, "and I know not where to look for it, or how to find it."

"Mind you, mean it is no weary shapes as I have," replied his companion, "you would have thought the stock jobber's head a whole skin, with the heart still in the body, a better condition than have not better friend, or the living than the dead?"

"You use a stranger to me," replied the stock jobber morosely. "I say that I have not a friend, not even a servitor that entitles you to be free, but I think differently. You are a stranger? Go your way, and I will go mine!"

"Your way in my way!"

Old Ellison stamped his foot angrily upon the ground. "God have me! I am not answerable for what you have done. I am in no humor to brook intrusion!"

"Mr. Ellison, I shall not leave you at your bidding."

"Ha! do you know me then?"

"I see no stranger," replied the other, "as I will ever entirely your."

And as he spoke, he opened his large wrap military coat, and lifted off the undress cap.

"Llewellin! is it possible!" exclaimed the agitated stock jobber.

And Llewellin it was, though strangely and grievously altered. His under garments were those that he had worn in the field of battle, torn, smeared, dyed, stained, and bloody. His countenance, pale and bloodshot, his lips parched and pallid, his face unshaved, and he bore the stamp of great sorrow, or the utmost limits of intense fatigue and anxiety.

"Is this a reality, or are you here by supernatural or no my extremity?" exclaimed the stock jobber.

"Neither!" answered the young officer. "With the exception of one circumstance, you were once a false friend to me, and now for that and I have grown on for worldly wise as to hate all love but justice and reason on your side. I had no right to wish to endure your daughter to my wife."

"And within this hour I have been wishing that I had not seen Isabella, and that I had not known you, and I should not then have left her alone in the world!"

"I thank you for that wish," returned the soldier, bidding out his hand to the stock jobber at first for him, "and I trust that brighter days are in store for us all."

"I am a ruined man!" exclaimed the stock jobber.

"Nothing can save me! I will not live to be prized and despised!"

"I can save you," replied the soldier.

"Poh!" exclaimed the stock jobber. "You have nothing but your army pay, and I dare not touch that until possible!"

"No matter," replied Llewellin, "even though it were double! I have been growing wealthy! who knows! I have you, my friend, and I have my sword with this name position which I fill in the world. I assume that I have the one and I shall therefore not want on wealth. I fully believe that I never can acquire those by any of those slow processes by which men note drive on at the rate of half-crown a mile, and I am venturing all upon a masterly stroke! Mr. Ellison, will you cause into my terms? If I obtain you a road to a princely fortune, to be made in a day, will you give me half of it and Isabella?"

Something like the stock jobber's old accustomed smile broke over his haggard face as he replied:

"I remember telling you that you were young, and now I see something else, that you are a fool to me!"

A little flush of enlightenment broke over the soldier's face.

"In mingling with the world, Mr. Ellison, we grow worldly too, and you have forgotten that I once saw me one of my first lessons. Is it or is it not a bargain?"

"Are you not too sanguine about the means?"

"If I am so, of course I raise the odds!"

"Well, I have nothing to lose," replied the stock jobber. "If I lose you are only obtaining me into another day of life."

"Is it a bargain?"

The stock jobber put my hand and word upon it. And now for the means."

"Hark you!" said the soldier. "Do you see this and and blood upon my clothes, and this wear and tear upon me? We have been in a successful victory all! You know how that will affect the money market?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the stock jobber, staggering back for support upon the balcony. "Is it so? I see! I see! You are not mad! not an enthusiast! not a fool?"

"I told you I was getting worldly wise," replied the soldier. "How do you know that I am not in the secret of the stroke must be played? Is it not a glorious game?"

"Does any one know? does any one know?" breathlessly exclaimed the stock jobber. "Are you sure?—sure?"

"As sure as my own existence! We left the battle-field while its smoke had barely rolled away. I accompanied the despatches of Prince Leslie and a messenger, and yesterday I answered an excuse to leave it—indeed at home—of love—I know not what—was sickly and confined. They gave me the charge of bringing off into the country, while I did but leave them an interval to see my friend in her hour of sickness. The wretched in the vast metropolis knows a syllable of the matter, and current of night, at the same time, I propose to cause what entrance I have made to convey the news. I get here three express that is mediocre and no better ago, and posted myself in front of your door-step, intending only to wait until the morning should have dawned before I aroused you. I trust that it was your good genius as well as my own that sent me here, for I was weary indeed—"

"No more of that!" said the stock jobber, who was already somewhat of his own composure, and was wonderfully differently men both feel and reason under different circumstances.

"Stocks have been fearfully depressed," said old Ellison. "Over what may it be the lowest point, must buy? how? how? How gloriously they will rise up to-morrow! Llewellin, you shall profit largely by fortune. We will down the market to-day, and to-morrow we shall be the richest men in England! There fore from a great—a very great—Mad Jobbers was his name we should have had none!"

"We should have had no wife to share it with!" "We will almost smile when I tell you that the commander in chief and your Lieutenant Llewellin are taking stand at stake on that battle-field—he at that he had, I all that I forgot to! and we fought, overnight, for the meanest men. When I saw that we had won, I was half wild with hunger and heat, and I fell, or that I permitted me to accompany the express. Isabella knows not that I am here, and I have not been allowed. I have accomplished my purpose, and now I almost think that I could die of fatigue. I feel hardly be able to carry these poor limbs away from this spot."

"You shall go home with me," said the stock jobber—"you shall go home with me! Mad Jobbers was his name we should have had none!"

"We should have had no wife to share it with!

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Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *for December, 1843. Philadelphia: George R. Graham, No. 98 Chesnut Street.*—In this number of the Magazine we have a full length engraving from Cooper, and a scrap of verse from Bryant. The touching story of Malina Gray, by Mrs. Stephens, is also embellished in the number before us; and is truly pronounced one of the sweetest and most objective tales she has ever written. Seba Smith has a sketch which shows that Jim Bludso lived, and in the village of the land of steady habits. It is exceedingly easy and natural. Mrs. Osgood, who used to be the Florence of the Knickerbocker, has a sketch which proves that fifty days not forgotten, and in writing which we are more than half inclined to guess she drew on her memory for the original of Mrs. Bell. A sketch from the pen of Robert Morris, will be found in another part of this day's paper. For the rest of the Magazine, we have no exclusives. G. J. Peterson, The Author of Helen Quatre, Geo. H. Colton, W. A. Jones, Henry Morford, and other well known contributors. For embellishments we have a fine steel engraving of the new mount of Gleanagey, which latter we have transcribed in another place. Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Miss Leslie are among the fair contributors. Dr. Bird, the author of Calavar has a paper in the number; and Mr. Arthur has one of his capital moral sketches. "The Fortunes of Tim Tuppleton Pointe," and well illustrate how differently obligations and duties may look from different points of view.

From these two specimens of Philadelphia periodical literature, we feel little apprehension that they will ever be conducted by any. There is certainly nothing in Europe, in the shape of periodical literature, which approaches those works in elegance and literary merit combined.

NOVELS.—From Messrs. Burgess & Zieber, we have the "Nabob at Home," one of the Harper's Select Novels, "Puffer Hopkins," by Cornelius Mathews, the Founder's Errand, or the Puritan's Wife, by Walter Whitman, Continuations of the Waverly Novels, and the French Revolution, and of Handy Andy by Lever. All these novels are good in their way, most are well known works, and the only two which are not yet widely known will be, for they deserve it. The same publications are for sale in Cincinnati by Robinson & Jones.

Appleton has sent us Hottot d'Hollaus and Handy Andy, and Geo. Colton we have the continuation of Harry Lorrequer.

CONGRESS AND FAST AT EMATAN.—*By the author of the "Gipsy and Mamie" of England.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have not had time to read this book—and can therefore speak at it only from the character of its predecessors, the Gipsy and Mamie. That was a picture of the State, from which we take some extracts. Mr. Hobbie says—

"I believe that Pennsylvania was led into her large debt by her public men, and unquestionably, by the extravagant notion and the expected conclusion of the General Government to assume the debts of the States, after the administration of those works, she has committed many errors and violations of faith, both to her own citizens and to foreign enterprises, and she has made no mistake which she cannot repair, and none which she is not willing to repair, and I believe that she is willing to atone. And finally, I believe that she is more than able, according to the present valuation, to pay a dollar of her present indebtedness."

Mr. Hobbie has taken a most endeavor to justify by examining what is the real condition of the state, and what are the resources by which she can meet her liabilities while they improve the opportunity greatly to enhance the value of the whole property on completions intelligible to the eye as well as the understanding. We predict that this volume will be one of the most perused of the season.

FAMILY PRAYERS—*By the Rev. C. Bickersteth—Final Assertion from the Second London Edition—Philadelphia: Hermon Hooker.*—This volume constitutes a complete series of Family Prayers for eight weeks, with additions, adapted for use in the United States, and the various seasons and circumstances of a family. It will be found a most valuable volume to families worshipping in Episcopal Churches in the United States; and can but lead to devout thoughts and holy influences, wherever used.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, *the Founder of Virginia, and Admiral of Russia. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This book is the second of a series entitled "Lives of the Discoverers and other eminent men." The style is most attractive, and the subject is one of the most interesting which could be offered to a young American. Emily Philip is already at work on the third.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S GUIDE. *By Heber Clare, M. D. Philadelphia: J. G. Auner.*—This is a comprehensive view of the collegiate and clinical medical schools, the various courses of lectures, the hospitals and almshouses, &c., which constitute directly or indirectly to the great medical school of Philadelphia.

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Items of News.

A GREAT SHOT.—The Pittsburg Sun tells the following of the western hunters: One of them in firing at a deer, broke the ramrod of his rifle, and thinking he did not wish to partake of the honey, which was issuing pretty fast from the bullet hole until his rifle was repaired, commenced firing at a rock. The first shot broke the rock in two. The second shot split the rock into quarters. The third shot broke the rock into eighths, and the fourth shot sent the whole to the ground. Taking a lot of pins, he made a plug of the proper size, put it in the muzzle of his rifle, and then pursuing his journey.

AN ASSOCIATION has been formed in Ireland under the auspices of Father Mathew, for promoting the moral and social well being of Ireland, which, it is said, would be regarded as an odious step law and a monstrous act of injustice. Yet that was the law of England, where none of the Bank of England were thus restricted. Not, it is the law of England at this hour, and if the Bank of England notes should again become at a premium it would find the law still unchanged.

If these examples be too ancient, take what has been done within the last six months. The Bank Act has passed an income tax, and how does that operate on the funded debt of England? Why the Government gave to the 1st of the month, a bonus of 5 per cent. which is subject to the tax his three per cent. or less amount, and pays him only the remainder. Now to the extent of this deduction, what is this practically? A reduction of dividends, and whether it applies to foreign or not, the sanctity of the public faith is invaded! It is inconceivable if Pennsylvania choose to pay at an income tax of ten or twenty per cent. upon the interest of the public debt, which she never did will, it would prove a convenient mode of payment

Gems from the Poets.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star of wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although its height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

From the Mouthlies.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE
Of a Maître-D'Armes.

FROM BLACKWOOD, FOR NOVEMBER.

In the year 1825, I arrived at St. Petersburg, with the intention of establishing myself as a fencing-master in that capital. Introductions from distinguished individuals in Paris enabled me to make a friend of Count Alexis Wo, and that young nobleman manifested enough of interest in my success to say one day, "Not content with procuring me several pupils, himself included, he urged me to open my house, and give myself out for fencing-master to a regiment, and offered to pave me the way to a recommendation to an aide-de-camp of the Czarewitch Constantine, who was then at the Castle of Strelna, near St. Petersburg.

"It is the hospital regiment," added the Count. "I will write a line to you, and at the end of the petition you will have an excellent chance of success; what with the doctors, the apothecaries, and the nurses, and sick people, and by-and-by convalescents, you will have no lack of pupils, and by this means you will get to be known by the rest of the regiment, and establish yourself well for life."

The morning after receiving this advice, I hired a handsome droschky, and set out for Strelna, with a letter to General Rodin, aide-de-camp of the Czarewitch, also my petition to the Emperor, which had been drawn up in due form. After driving for about an hour along a good road, bordered on the left by country mansions and parks, and on the right by palaces extending to the Gulf of Finland, I reached the summit of the terrace, the same which overlooked in Rome also St. Alexander Nievski. Ten minutes afterwards I arrived at the ready and elegant country seat of the Czarewitch, situated admirably. Some of the rooms, which were occupying the ground floor, ran on the one side into a garden with the Czarewitch. One of them, however, took in my letter, and desired me to wait in a saloon which opened on the garden. The same officer speedily returned, and ushered me into the apartment of the General himself. In one of these, I discovered a man standing with his back to a large fire, and dressed in one of the most smooth and forbidding countenances I ever beheld. Between a pair of prominent cheek-bones there would have grazed a Calmuck Tartar, equipped what, in France, we term a nose cruse, and a pair of upturned moustaches—the effect of which I should the sooner attempt to communicate to a large monkey; and as I state whether, in this comparison, the effect of ugliness would not have been on the side of the animal. The eyes of the General, like his nose, were remarkable for their restlessness. They were small, deep-set, and of a color which is called by the salt to Indian. His complexion was a deep sun-burning red. The large and large whiskers framed the dark-green flesh across his brow, nearly disappeared beneath a profusion of grizzled, dishevelled hair, and met in front of every color of the rainbow. He was lurping his lunt with his riding-whip, and the excited spasmodic action of his jaw produced a motion of the head, frequently assumed from a fish or a pig-sow. At a little distance from him stood Count Alexis, for in truth and opportunity writing under his master's dictation.

The reception of myself was not encouraging. I was not asked to sit, nor even to enter the room. The door was scarcely opened when the Czarewitch, without pausing from another morning his pen, and fixing me with his peculiar eye, abruptly enquired,

"What's your business?"

"Your highness, I am a fencing-master."

"Fencing, your highness."

"Age?"

"Six-and-twenty."

"Name?"

"——."

"You want to be fencing-master to a regiment?"

"May it please your highness, such is the object of my ambition."

"I am not a first-rate swordsman!"

"I have served in public more my service in St. Petersburg, and your highness must have noticed the opinion of those who were present."

"I heard of you, but you must not expect such reference to counsel with."

"Where your highness's just claims upon my fellow-sense, your highness."

"Unfortunately," he repeated, with flashing eyes and a somewhat severed curve of the lips: "but if you remember, what then?"

"I should have bettered them ten times for every cause they involved me your highness."

"Ha! and could you do that with me?"

"That might depend on how your imperial highness might wish to be fenced. If as a pastime, it is probable your highness would teach me ten times, and be touched twice. But if in earnest, and wished to be taught the new after person, the tats fella would probably be achieved by me, and I serve by your highness."

"Lobenski!" cried the Czarewitch, rubbing his hands; "Lobenski! bring the foils! and measure, sir, by Bragheart!"

"Is it possible your highness would condescend"—

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times, if you can. He you want to look out already? Now, take this foil and stand. Guard!"

"Is it your highness's absolute command?"

"Yes! yes! a thousand times yes!"

"I am ready!"

"You sinner!" repeated the Czarewitch as he attacked me ten times, mind you! ten times! do you hear me? Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding all the encouragement, I kept on the defensive, confining myself with parrying his thrusts without returning them.

"Now cried he, somewhat angrily—What are you about? You are not doing your best. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect—"

"Come, come, sir, no fear! Thrust! thrust!"

Observing, though his mind, that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes flashing, I took advantage of the permission granted with such evident reluctance, and touched him three times running.

"Brave!" cried he, "all but the seventh. Ha! a hit! a hit!" He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and his forehead once.

"Eleven!" cried he, quite delighted, and stamping with his foot. "Rodin! did you see that? Eleven!"

"I saw as ten, your highness!" replied I, pressing him hard. "Eight—nine—ten! Now we are quits, General," cried the Czarewitch approvingly. "Very good! but that's not all. The head-cover is not enough—no use to the cavalry—Want the saber. Now tenth you declared, my fine fellow! I received a second lesson! Parry a home-thrust! Ha!"

I took I said, pulling my hair.

"Think so! Not enough?"

"Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it."

"Lobenski! Lobenski!" again shouted the Czarewitch. The officer appeared.

"A lance and a horse! a horse! a lance! Sacre! Quick! quick!"

"But your highness"—I interposed—

"Sir! I want more proof!"

"I am not skilled, with your highness, I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! First hint was capital. Now for the second!"

At this moment the officer appeared before the Czarewitch with a horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now, then!" exclaimed Constantine, as he threw off the cloth, and rode me a sign to follow—"Here is a good seize, Lobenski, and now, Sir Fencing-master, mount your horse, and I'll defy you like one of the lords in my summer-house. The last touch of three decides, with a staff and the like."

On saying, Constantine opened upon his horse, and wheeled off the road. Twice he rode at full speed round the ground, and a mere like a horseman. Well, considerable skill, but not equal to mine. On many difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry passes and thrusts with his lance.

"All right!" cried the Czarewitch, coming up to me.

"Ready, your highness," I replied; and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off to the further end of the avenue.

"Surely all this is a joke!" said I to General Rodin.

"By my cousin!" was the reply. "You will either lose your life or gain your appointment. Indeed yourself as if you were not a hasty-fool."

I now saw that matters were taking a more serious turn than I had calculated upon. Had I consulted myself at liberty to return home for him, I could have taken my chance without hesitation; but having myself bound to contend, as well as to run, a knowledge of the character of my opponent, a singular fusion of a fretious antagonist, the chances of this imperial gentleman were rather against me. Even then late, however, to draw back. I summoned in aid all the coolness and address I could muster, and prepared to face the Czarewitch, who had already reached the end of the avenue, and turned his horse about. In spite of what Rodin had said to me, I had not relinquished all hope that Constantine was only jesting; but when I saw him put his lance in the ground, and push his steed into a gallop, I became convinced that I had to defend my life. The horse advanced at full speed, and the Czarewitch was a excellent down upon his seat; so much a master that he was nearly concerned by the simulant mass. I could only use the top of his head, appearing between his charger's ears. When he reached me, he raised the point at my breast; but I parried his thrust, and lunging on one side, horse and rider, carried away by their own impetuosity, passed by without doing me any injury. When he got that far, he turned his rein, the Czarewitch pulled his horse up short with admirable dexterity.

"Very good! very good!" said he, "very good." And without giving me time for objection or remark, he took grace for his career, and, after again asking me if I was ready, scattered to the charge with still more fury than at the first time. I met him, I parried my own fired on his, and cut one of his noticeable caper me. As I was passing, he wheeled round his horse, and let a spring to the right, made his second attack as fearless as the preceding one.

At this moment, the Czarewitch uttered a howl of disappointment. He had entered into the spirit of our rencontre with enthusiasm; he had been touched a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Grand-duke. Constantine, doubtless, had the same misgiving, for the order left his cheeks for an instant. Stopping a pace backward, and bowing to the Czarewitch, I said, "Your highness has now seen what I am able to teach to the common soldiers, and is able to judge whether I am worthy to become your master."

"Yes, by my soul you are! Never saw a better fellow; and I suppose you should be, for the price of it. Lend Pull to the stable, Lobenski," added he, addressing himself to the officer, "and tell the fencing Master of St Petersburg." Then leading the way to his apartments, he took, up a pen, and wrote at the foot of my petition,

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your highness's favorable notice, as the best fencer I have ever met with."

"Take this petition," said he, "and give it into the Emperor's own hands. Put you in prison, perhaps, and if not for that, for what you have said to Count Pushkin! And, if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me."

I bowed and took my leave, delighted with my success, and not little elated at having passed so well through the ordeal imposed upon me by this eccentric and formidable personage.

I set out the following morning I started for the Emperor's present abode, the palace of Tzarskoe Selo, about thirty miles from St. Petersburg, and I had little, and to risk the penalty of imprisonment, incurred by all who were found in the neighborhood of his imperial majesty. My stock of patience, however, was very much lowered by the time I arrived at the wretched town that lies between to the palace-gardens, which consists in their vast inclosure, slopes, levels, and artificial lakes, and in the splendor of the palace. All these I had visited, without perceiving any one but the sentinels and the gardeners, who had no time to consume in despair of meeting him whom I came to see. I had passed through the outer court, and was stopped by an officer in rainbow uniform, who insisted me and refused to receive my petition, unless I delivered it at such court one, who that very polite officer was.

"Chut, chut," answered he, with a shrug.

I immediately drove down an alley which I calculated would traverse the path Alexander was following, and, after the circuit of an hour, found myself in view of the Emperor, who was walking alone. He was in a military dress, and from seeing that respect prevented me from approaching him, I walked forward to meet him. He was coming, standing uncovered on the side of the footpath. The Emperor stopped slightly, owing to the reappearing of an accidental wound in the leg, received in one of his journeys to the banks of the Danube; and I was enabled at that instant to observe the great advantage which had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him in Paris. His countenance, formerly so open and cheerful, had now a sickly and sorrowful expression; and his hair, which was then of a light color, was considerably white. Notwithstanding this, his looks were so much altered that I felt no one could, and so he passed near me, I ventured to address him.

"Sire!"

"Put on your hat, sir," replied he. "It is too cold to remain bareheaded."

I obeyed, and, retreated, form respect, to obey him, he asked my hat, clapped it on my head, looking my arm with which to prevent my falling backward. When he found that I made no further resistance, he said,

"Well, sir, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire, I have a petition to present to your majesty."

"Have you? The Emperor's countenance fell. He looked upon petitions as a species of persecution, even here, that I almost myself from Dr. Petersburg to avoid petitions and petitioners."

"I know not, sir, what petition has perhaps, more than most others, a claim on your majesty's gracious consideration. It is connected with your majesty's august brother—for his imperial highness the Czarewitch Constantine."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Emperor, looking out his hand, but immediately withdrawing it.

"So that I wantered in hope," I continued, "that your majesty would, in this instance, deign to depart from the rule established."

"No, sir," replied the Emperor quickly. "No, sir, I will not make a breach in it. Constantine has already been petitioned with a thousand such papers; and should be compelled to answer a thousand more. Constantine and I God ordained evil genius. But," added he, observing my countenance fall, "you are a Frenchman, and I am the last in the direction of the city. "I put your petition into the hands of Count Pushkin, and on the day after to-morrow you will have my answer."

"Sire, I humbly thank you for your majesty's gracious goodness."

"Pause it, then," he replied, "by telling no one that you have presented a petition, and escaped punishment. Good-day to you, sir."

With these words, and a gracious but melancholy bow, the Emperor pursued his walk, and I left him to follow his advice, and put my letter into the post. The Emperor was true to his promise, and three days after remarks I received his reply.

It was to my considerable surprise—matter in the imperial corps of engineers, with the rank of captain.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER, FOR NOVEMBER.

I think of thee when winter binds
The streams with links of crystal chain,
I think of thee when eastern winds
Bring on the storm and rain;
And when the summer sun bright
Glow land and sea,
Each by the rain some tender light
I think of thee.

There is no place, sweet lady, where
Thou art not present friends
To think of thee.

And when the voice of beauty bends
The heart to love,
Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye
Look kindly down,
For I am sorrowful.

With wealth I am not blessed,
I've heavy days, nine gone by,
By which we may
And though the feast of sorrow flow
Around me,
Each by the rain I ponder I go,
That heart of thine!

A. G.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR NOVEMBER.

THE TWO FRIENDS;
Or, Ways and Ends.

A STORY OF TRUTH AND MORAL.

Dr. Franklin's maxim, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," was not a mere display of economical wisdom; it was to be illustrated by his distinguished career, then "Take care of the pounds and the pence will take care of themselves." It is by wasting the "old change" of life that the young waster loses time inevitable. The slight one of their income that should not be rounded by young people is second in importance, to that of the portion of their time. The man whose every moment will not allow them to devote any considerable portion of their time to the improvement of his mind or a business, these odd minutes are almost the only ones that remain for the great purpose of storing their minds with information and of improving their understandings by study and reflection. They are, of course, however, to of much more value than most persons suppose, but the money they waste is not in the small consideration of their momentary pleasure, were they accustomed to devote their unemployed moments to the acquisition of knowledge for the pursuit of pleasure, would furnish them the means of improving their time to the most considerable degree by any measure than they are aware of, for the mind is capable of a good deal of application in short intervals of relaxation, good habits and sound sense, would soon make these intervals sufficient for the purpose, however, it